

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. }
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THE BIBLE.

LET those who cannot understand the Bible hear the testimony of the learned Bishop Horsley: "It is incredible to any one who has not made the experiment, what proficiency may be made in that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation, by studying the Scriptures by parallel passages, without any other commentary or exposition than what the different parts of the sacred volume mutually furnish for each other. Let the most unlearned Christian study in this manner; let him never cease to pray for the illumination of that Spirit by which these books were dictated, — and no argument of the perverse will of man shall be able to shake this learned Christian's faith."

MATTHEW XXIII. 34-39.

NOTICE particularly the full force of the words, "and ye would not." God may be willing to do our souls good; but without our co-operation there can be no true progress. In like manner, parents and teachers may strive to improve their children; but, without a corresponding effort on their part, there will be but little improvement. We cannot too deeply feel our own responsibility. The feelings that Jesus had when he mourned over Jerusalem were (though perhaps more intense) of the same nature as those a parent suffers when a son or daughter disappoints his expectations, and, by acts of disobedience, wickedness, and folly, proves that the trouble, anxiety, and loving care of that parent have been almost wasted.

Sunday School Teachers' Manual.

WHEN people turn about in their lives, and look heaven-ward, God always stands ready to lend a helping hand.

A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

THE longest life is made up of simple days, few or many; but the days grow into years, and give the measure of our lives at last.

The life is at the last what the days have been. Let the children, therefore, look after the days, one day at a time; and put into each one some thing that will last, — some thing worth doing, some thing worth remembering, some thing worth imitating by those who follow us.

1. Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small a thing is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

2. Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy, who, looking to God for his grace, seeks every day to practise the grace he prays for!

3. Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in the great deeds of philanthropy that the only blessing is found. In

"Little deeds of kindness,"

repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, on the play-ground, — we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

4. Every day a little look into the Bible. One chapter a day: what a treasure of Bible knowledge one may acquire in ten years! Every day a verse committed to memory: what a volume in the mind at the end of twenty-five years!

N. Y. Observer.

GIRL AND KITTEN.

THAT is what the picture is called. They certainly are the principal objects. Can you tell me why? Of course, because they are alive. Every thing else is inanimate. Why is the girl more important than the kitten? Because she is not only a beautiful animal, but she is a soul. To me she has a charming face, — what I call a winching face. It is pretty altogether; from the dimple in the chin to the frowzy hair. By *winching*, I mean a small, winning face; by *frowzy*, I mean hair that is light and blowy like a cloud, and not like a little girl's hair that I saw the other day at the seashore. It was very hot weather, and she liked the feeling of the cold water on her brow; and so she plastered it tighter and tighter with a wet brush, till her head reminded me of that of an old gentleman, who hasn't a great deal of hair, and wants to keep it in place. But that day little Nell was in a frolic, and by this time I don't doubt her abundant golden hair is flying in all directions, as gracefully as the tendrils of a vine.

But to come back to the girl in the picture. I think she is getting her dolly to sleep, for which the cradle is prepared, and then Laurette will no longer be confined to the straight-backed chair, or obliged to keep her foot tiptoe; and will be all ready for a game of romps with the white kitten, which does not know what to make of the ball that moves at the slightest touch. I am as much puzzled as the kitten, by the article hanging from the chair: I cannot make out whether it is bag or apron. Perhaps your bright little eyes will discover.

If you have done something good in little, do it also in great, for the good will never die.

THE VALUE OF LABOR.

WHOM shall we call our heroes,
To whom our praises sing;
The pampered child of Fortune,
The titled lord or king?
These live by others' labor, —
Take all, and nothing give:
The noblest types of manhood
Are they who work to live!

Who spans the earth with iron,
Who rears the palace dome;
Who creates, for the rich man,
The comforts of his home?
It is the patient toiler, —
All honor to him then!
The true wealth of a nation
Lies in her workingmen!

For many barren ages,
Earth hid her treasures deep;
And all her giant forces
Seemed bound as in a sleep.
Then Labor's Anvil Chorus
Broke on the startled air;
When, lo! the earth, in rapture,
Laid all her treasures bare.

'Tis toil that over Nature
Gives man his proud control;
It hallows and enriches
The temples of the soul.
It drives out foul diseases,
With all their ghastly train;
Puts iron in the muscle,
And crystal in the brain.

When the great Almighty Builder
Created heaven and earth,
He placed his seal of honor
On Labor at her birth.
From every fragrant flower
That blossoms from the sod,
Behold the Master Workman,
The handiwork of God!

Selected.

WHERE there is no want of will, there will be no want of opportunity.

For The Dayspring.

BESSIE'S MAY-PARTY.

BY KITTY CLOVER.

BESSIE had no brother or sister ; but she had kind parents, who tried to make her happy.

As she was playing out-doors one day in early spring, she saw in a corner of the garden a tiny flower ; and, pulling it up, root and all, ran into the house to show the treasure to her mother. In her haste she tumbled over the Maltese cat, which, with her four baby kittens, lay on the sunny door-step ; and then the scratching, sputtering, clawing, and getting out of sight were too funny.

Bessie opened her blue eyes wide as she found herself on the floor ; but, instead of crying as many little girls would have done, she picked herself up, and tried to make amends to the cat and her kittens. The cat snuggled into her lap ; but the kittens were too shy, and knew the difference between Bessie's meow ! meow ! and their mother's. Bessie could not decide which of the four she liked best ; but she was determined to keep them all : one day the black and white was her favorite, another day one of the twins, as she called the Maltese ; to-day she cared most for Blackie, that had not a single white hair. In running to catch Blackie, she found the May-flower she dropped when she fell.

That reminded her of showing it to her mother, whom she found tight at work on Bessie's pretty blue dress. Now, between you and me, one of Bessie's faults was being fond of showy clothes ; she was vain of wearing them, and despised Susy Brown for being " poor as a rat, and wearing that old faded gown to school ! " In vain Bessie's mother reminded her that behavior, not dress, makes the " lady."

" A May-flower ! " said Bessie's mother, " how did it root itself in our garden ? It reminds me of the days when I went May-ying down in Plymouth."

" Tell me all about it," said Bessie, in her haste to hear almost sitting on the blue gown. " Was it Aunt Jennie who came near being drowned ? "

" Yes ; Uncle Will pulled her from the river more dead than alive. I think she would have let the fish alone another time ; but your grandmother did not allow us to go into the woods, without some grown person, till the following May."

" Did you have a real May-party then ? with a queen, and may-pole, and bushel of flowers ; and were *you* queen ? "

" No ; Grace's mother was queen. How would you like your birthday party, this year, to be called May-day party ? "

" That would be prime ! How lucky I was born May Day ! Can we have the supper in the arbor ? "

" If the day is warm enough."

But Bessie confided to the kittens that she was determined to have supper in the arbor, and nowhere else, and wear her blue gown and nothing less. " Because, you know," said she, " if I look very pretty, they may choose me queen."

The next day Bessie, with her friend Grace, invited Mary and Sadie Stone, Will and John Nichols, Esther and Alice Grey, and enough more to make the number twenty.

" But the arbor will be too small for twenty," said Bessie. " I never thought of that."

" Dont worry, dear," said Grace ; " the boys will not stay in the arbor a minute."

" Bessie thought May Day would never come ; but she jumped for joy when it did come, bright and clear. But there was a cool wind, as if from the snow mountains

in New Hampshire; and her mother told her that it would not be safe to be much out of doors. At that prospect Bessie's pug nose turned up more than usual. A May-party in the house! who ever heard of such a thing?

"O mamma! my blue gown," said Bessie, as she saw her mother lift down her brown.

"No, my dear, I could not think of your wearing the blue, it would be soiled in one afternoon. And you would have no comfort in it in running about."

"But I'd be truly careful."

I am sorry to say that, when Bessie saw that her mother would not yield, she threw herself on the floor; and kicked and cried, just as she did when she was four years old; and Aunt Jennie said, "Why, Elizabeth, you will have no need to take the nails out of your carpet next spring; for Bessie will have kicked them all out by that time."

To think that a child of seven could behave in such a babyish way! Sometimes a look has more effect than a word; and, as Bessie saw the sad glance her mother gave the clock, she jumped up, threw her arms around her mother, and said she was very sorry. She was only just in time to come to herself, get into the brown gown, and wash her face, before the happy party trooped in. Bessie's mother concluded by the noise she heard they were having a glorious time: when, of a sudden, silence fell on the house; and, looking from the window, she saw Bessie, after all she had said to her, leading her guests to the arbor.

Of course, the guests were not to blame; and they were glad enough to be summoned back to the house, out of the chilly air, and into the pleasant dining-room, where the long table was covered with tumblers of milk, and dishes filled with doubled-bread

and butter, apple turn-overs, little birthday cakes, with more than one currant in them, oranges, candy, and popped corn. "Such a juicy orange!" as Will Nichols said; and his black eyes danced with glee as he found a barley bear in his saucer of candy.

When the children had gone, Bessie sighed; was it with pleasure or sorrow? She would have had a perfect time but for her temper about the gown, and her disobedience in regard to the arbor. She thought she would tell her mother again that she was sorry; but Blackie rolled itself into a ball, running after its tail, and Bessie forgot to go to her mother. Then she and Gracie talked it over; for Gracie was to spend the night, and Gracie thought she had not been *very* naughty; so Bessie said she would wait till the next day; and, when her mother came to see that the little girls had left just enough of the window open, Bessie made believe she was asleep. But, after her mother had kissed her and closed the door, Bessie could not stand it; and the thought of the turn-overs and little currant cakes seemed to choke her, and she slipped softly out of bed (not to wake Gracie), and into her dressing-gown and slippers, and ran to her mother's room, and jumped into her mother's lap, and said, "Next time I'll be good all through."

But her mother said: "My dear little child, don't wait till 'next' time; don't let there be a 'next' time; begin to-morrow; begin to-night, by asking 'Our Father' to help you, for you have grieved Him more than you have grieved me."

THE best cloth has uneven threads.

WILT thou ever roam abroad? See! what is good lies at thy side.

YES AND NO.

My dear little children,
 I think I may guess
 That you learned early
 The way to say Yes.
 Now that is a good word,
 Kept strictly for use;
 But bad as it can be
 To lie around loose!

All sorts of dis-asters
 Behind it will press;
 So be careful, my little ones,
 How you say Yes!
 And there's another word,
 That you can spell
 I'll dare say, but may be
 Can't use very well.

It will keep you from debt,
 And keep you from drink;
 And will help you to stand
 When you're ready to sink.
 My lad, have it ready,
 Wherever you go;
 And, in time of need, speak it
 Out manfully, — No!

Allice Cary.

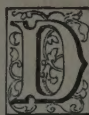
"WHEN thou canst, watch out the light of sunset, and the opening of that bead-roll which some Oriental poet describes as God's call to the little stars, who each answer, 'Here am I.'"

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

It was a custom of Professor George Wilson's mother to pay each night a visit to the cot of her twin-boys, and repeat over them Jacob's blessing: "The God which fed me all my life long unto this this day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads" (Gen. xlviii. 15, 16). So fascinating was this to George, that in after years he told a friend how he used to lie awake watching for it, pretending to be asleep, that he might enjoy it to the full.

LUCY'S FUR FRIENDS.

CHAPTER XI.

The Birthday of Joy.

R. CLIVE'S affection for Mount, the anxiety caused by his great restlessness, the warning that he needed a "rod-in-pickle," and that he would be running off to sea, — having caught the rolling sailor gait already, — made the old doctor for once change his mind. He summoned Niece Anita back, to teach and manage his grandchildren as she thought best.

"Grandpa," cried Mount, the day of her return, "pancakes for dinner!"

"It is nobody's birthday."

"The birthday of joy," said Lucy, her face all smiles.

"They're prime," cried Mount.

Anita smiled, and said: "Lucy, a poet could not have paid a prettier compliment."

"What sort of a fellow is a poet?" asked Mount.

"Can you tell him, Lucy?"

"One who uses words which sound as if they were sisters, as *jing, ling*."

"Then he's a *jingling* fellow, and almost as good as a Jew's harp."

"How nice to have you back, dear cousin! It's just the same."

"Same as not having her?" asked Mount.

"Same as before —"

"How do you know she'll be the same?"

"Well, Mount, I hope you'll find me pleasanter."

The children were up with the dawn. Long as the days were, they were too short for their happiness. For, besides study, reading, walking, working in the garden, Cousin Anita was brighter than ever with

fresh games, and the old favorite of giving the meaning of words.

Miss Anita's return could not wind the house up, and make it go like clock-work ; but she oiled the household wheels, so that there was less friction. She seemed to bring a climate of patience with her. The servants' heads were less addled, Dr. Clive less cross, Lucy almost gay, and Mount a *deacon* to his former self.

Here is one little scene, the week before Anita's return. The boy blew a penny-trumpet so long and so persistently, and finally right in his grandfather's ear, that Lucy fairly trembled. Even when angrily ordered to stop, Mount paused only for a minute, retreated a step, and, watching the doctor, blew louder than ever. Then Dr. Clive threw down his newspaper, snatched the trumpet, flung it out the window, and wrote to Methuen that night.

Mount and Lucy were not seen walking asleep again. If they tramped around their rooms in the dead of the night, that was their own concern.

"The roses never smelt so sweet," said Lucy, "the pansies were never so velvety ; they know how glad we are."

"The velvet and the fragrance are in your heart," said Miss Anita. "Just as a looking-glass reflects a smiling face when you are happy, flowers look their prettiest, and smell their sweetest, when you are in tune to admire them. At eleven years of age, you are learning one of the biggest lessons."

"With my small mind, and I so little?"

"Yes, the lesson is this : That not what we *have*, but what we *are*, gives content, makes us a blessing to others, and blessed in ourselves."

Cousin Anita tried to please her uncle in his whims, as well as in regard to the children. Mount drew a graphic picture of the

night that Lucy and he were left to take care of the house ; so Cousin Anita was doubly careful in locking doors and fastening the windows. But, though "early to bed" was Dr. Clive's own maxim, he did not forbid his niece's sitting up as late as she pleased.

I watched her as the June-bugs, attracted by her lamp, sailed around her head, as she sewed, read, or wrote to her mother. Sometimes, with hands folded, she sat thinking, smiling. Then she reminded me of Mrs. Whisker's saying, "You may be sure a cat is a pleasant cat, when she is pleasant to herself."

"What strange sound is that?" said Anita, one night, starting ; "I hope not the children walking in their sleep. It seems to come from the Chinese parlor. I have always wanted to hear that mysterious cradle rock. Hark ! twelve o'clock striking. Why, it sounds like a harp."

And a harp it was ; though, as a cat made the music, a violin would have been more in order. Anita, saying, in a whisper, "What a worrisome baby, not to fall asleep in a hundred years !" walked softly across the saloon to see what was the tumult. Nothing but Caprille ; who, after springing from chair to sofa, from sofa to window-seat, from window-seat to old-fashioned plateau, on whose solid looking-glass, with silver rim, rested china jars and choice statuettes, had scrambled across the harp, caught her claws in the strings, and made music on the midnight air.

When Anita arrived, with a lighted candle, the tinkling sound had ceased, and the musician was under the sofa. Miss Anita searched the gun-closet, looked behind the Venus, shook the window-curtains, before she discovered Caprille ; who, almost as frightened as when she heard the story of the "Green Satin Petticoat,"

tore through the saloon (followed by Miss Anita), down the kitchen stairs, straight up the kitchen wall, in a cataleptic fit. That is, if Caprille did not play "old soldier," and feign a fit; for she came down the wall as fast as she went up, and departed quietly out the back door that Miss Anita opened for her.

All is not fun that promises to be funny. Better lie awake in a barn, listening to rats, than be drowned; for, certainly, Dr. Clive would drown a cat subject to fits. I looked at Caprille so pityingly that she asked if I felt *blue*, — when she was the one to feel blue. Lucy was our tried friend; but might I trust Miss Anita, when Mrs. Whisker said no woman could keep a secret?

CHAPTER XII.

The Garden Book.

I was so disturbed by Caprille's capers, and what might come of them, that I forgot to tell Mrs. Whisker how alarmed Miss Anita looked as she waited patiently for Caprille to come out of her fit and make her escape to the barn.

But Caprille's fright was so shortlived that, the next morning, as she licked her paws, she described, as lively as a cricket, to Mrs. Whisker and Chinchilla, the ostrich egg and tall Japanese towers ornamented with bells, which had pleased her most amongst the treasures in the Chinese parlor.

One odd event follows another. The day after Caprille's fit, unfledged swallows fell into Mount's chimney-corner. Lucy shrunk from handling the spongy creatures; but, too tender-hearted to allow Mount to throw them from the window, as he cruelly proposed, she gently lifted

and carried the trembling brood to a robin's empty nest.

"What's the use?" said Mount; "they can't live."

"Perhaps they'll give a peep, and their mother'll find them. Poor little birdies! How I wish I could feed you! Well, I have saved you a second fall."

And now it happened that Caprille had a night of terrors. Sorry as I felt, I knew it was but fair that she should see how pleasant it is to be frightened, after the fright she gave Miss Anita. The very next night, in the barn, Mrs. Whisker found Caprille gasping with terror, and thought it was nightmare caused by a nine o'clock supper of a large squirrel; so she only shook her gently, and turned her on her right side.

"There it is again," cried Caprille, starting, "a coach and six."

Now, even if Dr. Clive had been mayor of Harmony Hill, he would not have driven more than a coach and two; so Mrs. Whisker only said, "Wake up, you're dreaming!"

"Listen!" shivered Caprille.

True enough, a strange clattering sound aloft made us all shake in our fur shoes. When I mustered courage to creep up the ladder, I found a saucy rat had caught his tail in the rat-trap at last, and was rushing madly up and down, trying to get free. Finally he disappeared, and I think one of his brothers dragged rat and trap under the eaves; but his fate is a tale untold.

Children have troubles as well as cats and rats. Lucy complained that the hot weather made her as weak as a rag. As I never saw a rag that could hold itself upright, I thought she was to be pitied. One day she threw herself on a pillow on a stone hearth.

"That will never do," cried Miss Anita.



INHABITANTS OF PALESTINE.

"You will become so stiff with rheumatism that you will have to hobble about with a cane."

Rheumatism! thought I; why, that is Mrs. Whisker's disease, out in the barn, so Lucy could not catch it in a room.

Miss Anita led Lucy to the garden seat, under the shade of the ancient tree Dr. Clive valued so highly that he had its hollow filled with bricks and mortar, and its feeble limbs supported by strips of wood nailed securely to its trunk.

"Now, my dear, we'll open the Garden book, and forget the heat. Can you tell me what is written on its first green page, — the first letters that grow there?"

"Those old yellow flowers I dislike so much. Next come the purple hyacinths, which make me faint."

"You forget the snow-drops, peeping, in their green jackets, that never get old-fashioned, above the snow."

"And the cat-kins, cousin, the color of Tab's skin. How do you like them, Miss Tab?"

"Well, now we'll open the musical book. What singers follow the snow-birds?"

"Robins and bobolinks. What a funny name!"

"And what does Tab think of the cat-bird? Our old cat in Methuen used to look ready to jump out of her skin when she heard one. I am sorry to say she was always trying to catch birds. I think she would have relished any sort of a bird, excepting perhaps the cat-bird, whose cry puzzled her. The birds at Methuen did not mourn when she disappeared; nor will they when my brother James goes away, as I hope he will before long. My mother and I have talked ourselves hoarse in the effort to break James of the cruel habit of robbing birds' nests. What lessons, Lucy, do the birds teach us?"

"That we can't sing as well as they do."

"Yes; and what a joy it is merely to live. And they teach us to care first for the helpless. Come to think of it, you did not guess what is written before flowers in the Garden book."

"Don't tell me. Let me guess. What's the first letter?"

"B. It comes in a crowd."

"Blossom! blossom! But, if you break one off, you lose an apple."

"But the ones left grow bigger."

"Away, you frightful spider!" cried Lucy, springing alertly to her feet, considering she had no more strength than a rag.

"Think, Lucy, how absurd it is to be afraid of that little creature!"

"But with so many legs! I should not be so frightened if it had two."

"I once knew a girl —"

"Dear! how pleasant to hear a story, — but just look, cousin, at Tab. I'm sure she's listening."

"Listening in cat way, I imagine. Frightened as she is by singing, I think she likes to hear us talk. Why, Lucy, are you not afraid of her sharp teeth and claws?"

"Afraid of Tab? She's tame."

"So most creatures are if kindly treated. Go into the woods, where no gun has broken the charm of silence, and all sorts of beautiful creatures flock around you, surprised, but not fierce. Don't let your fear of spiders prevent you from studying insects' curious ways. Fear of harm will lead a child, otherwise kind, to cut short an insect's brief, happy life. But no thoughtful child would tear one gauzy wing, that no art of his can make or repair. Wasps do not sting if you let them alone. Hark! the door-bell. None must be turned away in this heat. I will tell you the story to-morrow."

INHABITANTS OF PALESTINE.

Now, if you were in my Sunday-school class, and studying this plate, I should ask you, first, the obvious question, What was meant by an Inhabitant? And then you would answer, Why, the people who live in that country, the natives, those who were born there. Then I should ask you where Palestine was, in what quarter of the globe, and if you knew any thing of the manners and customs; and what sort of a country, — hilly or level; and how about its rivers and lakes; and what you knew of its animals, fruit, and flowers.

Then I should ask you whether Palestine was divided into sections; and if the people in all parts of it agreed with one another, having the same laws and language and religion; and if you knew it was a remarkable country from the events that occurred in it. Then, perhaps, you would be able to tell me about the wanderings of the children of Israel; and of how, at a later day, was born in Bethlehem, Jesus Christ, to the study of whose life and teachings the Sunday school is devoted.

Then, to make the picture more complete in your mind, I should remind you that eighteen centuries have made very little change in the appearance of the towns of Palestine; that those who visit the Holy Land to-day see it much as it was then: arched gate-ways, windowless walls turned to the street, and narrow footpaths to stone huts, inhabited by man; not much superior to the stone stables inhabited by beasts.

You will note the picturesque garb of these two women of Nazareth, and how erect they are, — thanks to the water-vessels they carry on their heads. The man is a native of Bethlehem; and, we will hope, not given over to smoking.

THE DANDELION.

"It is always a marvellous pity when people quarrel. A quarrel is like that abominable weed, the dandelion: allowed to flourish, it gives off noxious seeds all round; cut down, it leaves roots of bitterness that can hardly be dug out."

A reader of the "Dayspring," asks: "Why are you so severe on the poor dandelion? I always like to see its bright little flower peeping up in the spring. Then, the plant furnishes excellent and healthy food, and the root has medicinal qualities much esteemed by many. I think you are rather hard on it, calling it a noxious weed."

Now, this is a reader worth having, — one who uses her mind in reading. Which is more than we did; for, in our dislike to a quarrel, we scarcely noticed the weed to which it was compared, merely thinking to ourselves that a quarrel was a *mental* dandelion, bitter in the making, with roots ever to be dug up, always leaving a sore spot — not to be healed.

The able author of *Quixstar*, from whom we quoted, we presume has the English love of a well-shaven lawn, unmarred by white-weed, butter-cup, dandelion, and, we imagine, fragrant clover, — theme of the poet and delight of the kine. But far be it from us to be hard even on a weed; for that, too, is of God's making; and, in future, we propose to compare a quarrel with a noxious weed, and not to the useful, healthful dandelion, which, in the spring, poor children are so crazy to pick, and turn an honest penny.

"As time goes on, the men are born, one by one, who seem to bring to us the answers to the secrets of life."

Miss Thackeray.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

ACROSS the floor there were marks of little feet leading to an outer door, where stood a little boy holding a nest in his hand, his rosy face all glowing with excitement. "See here, mother," he cried, "what I have found in the hazel-bushes,—one, two, three little birdies."

The mother turned with a smile at the call of her darling; but, the moment she saw what he held, her countenance fell. "Why, Willie, how could you take that away from the old birds? How sad they will feel when they come home by-and-by, and find their nest and little birdies all gone!"

"It was so pretty," said the child, in a subdued voice; "but I am sorry I took it, if it was naughty."

"It *was* very wrong, although perhaps you did not think how sad the old birds would feel. See," she continued, "there is the mother-bird now; she has missed her darlings, and how distressed she is!"

Willie's lips quivered, and the tears sprang to his eyes; and, handing the nest to his mother, he cried, "Put it back, mother. I don't want it any more."

"Can you show me where you found it?"

"Yes, I know the very bush."

"Then come, and we will try and restore it." Taking the nest in one hand, and her little one's chubby fingers in the other, she walked slowly away, talking in a low, sweet tone to him, striving to plant the priceless germ of kindness to all—and especially to all weak and unprotected things—in his little heart; and the nest was soon resting in the same bush whence those eager little fingers had torn it.

The lesson that noble mother thus instilled was never forgotten. The terror of the bereaved bird, the gentle reproof from his mother's lips, and the triumphant song which the parent bird poured forth that evening, as he found his treasures all restored, combined to make an unfading impression on Willie's tender mind.

Selected.

A BOY OF HIS WORD.

You may sing of the heroes of yore,
You may speak of the deeds they have done,
Of the foes they have slain by the score,
Of the glorious battles they've won;
You may seek to emblazon their fame,
And it may be with goodly success;
But it is not the warrior's name
That my heart and my spirit would bless
Though oft at their mention my soul hath been
stirred,
Yet dearer to me is the boy of his word!

You may speak of the great ones of earth,
Of presidents, princes, and kings;

I doubt not there's something of worth
 In the bosom of all human things;
 But dearer to me than the whole
 Pageantry, splendor, and pride,
 Is the boy with a frank, honest soul,
 Who never his word hath belied.
 Yes, prized above all that this earth can afford,
 Though lowly and poor, is the boy of his word!
 Selected.

PIERRE'S LITTLE SONG.

In a humble room, in one of the poorer streets of London, Little Pierre, a fatherless French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the house; and he had not tasted food all day. Yet he sat humming, to keep up his spirits. Still, at times, he thought of his loneliness and hunger; and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes: for he knew nothing would be so welcome to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange; and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own,—one he had composed, both air and words; for the child was a genius. He went to the window, and, looking out, saw a man putting up a great poster with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.

"Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands; his eyes sparkled with a new hope. Running to the looking-glass, he smoothed his yellow curls, and, taking from a little box an old stained paper, he gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

"Who do you say is waiting for me?" said the lady to her servant. "I am already worn out with company."

"Only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls, who says that if he can just see you he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment."

"Oh, well, let him come!" said the beautiful singer, with a smile: "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm; and in his hand a little roll of paper. With manliness unusual in a child, he

walked straight up to the lady, and, bowing, said: "I have come to see you, because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that, perhaps, if you would only sing my little song at one of your grand concerts, some publisher might buy it for a small sum; and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman rose from her seat; very tall and stately she was; she took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked,—"you, a child! And the words?"—"Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few moments of thought.

"Oh, yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness; "but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening; and here is a crown, with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets: come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert-hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so grand a place. The music, the glare of lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and the rustling of silks, completely bewildered him. At last *she* came; and the child sat with his eyes riveted on her face. Could it be that the grand lady, glittering with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless he waited: the band, the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody; he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy! And oh, how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing. Many a bright eye was dimmed with tears; many a heart was moved by the touching words of that little song.

Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in Europe had

sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened by a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman said: "Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning, by the first publisher in London, a large sum for his little song. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As for Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and the tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside, and uttered a simple prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

The memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she, who was the idol of England's nobility, now went about doing good. And, on her early death, he who stood by her bed, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his affection, was the little Pierre of former days, — now rich, accomplished, and one of the most talented composers of the day.

All honor to those great hearts who, from their high stations, send down bounty to the widow and the fatherless!

The Children's Paper.

INDIANS AND THE BUFFALO.

"WHAT shall we do?" said a young Sioux warrior to an American officer on the Upper Missouri, some fifteen years ago. "What shall we do? the buffalo is our only friend. When he goes, all is over with the Dacotahs. I speak thus to you, because like me you are a brave."

It was little wonder that he called the buffalo his only friend. Its skin gave him a house; its robe, a blanket and a bed; its undressed hide, a boat; its short curved horn, a powder-flask; its meat, his daily food; its sinew, a string for his bow; its leather, a lariat for his horse, a saddle, bridle, rein and bit. Its tail formed an

ornament for his tent; its inner skin, a book in which to sketch the brave deeds of his life, — the "medicine robe" of his history. House, boat, food, bed, and covering; every want from infancy to age; and after life itself had passed, wrapt in his buffalo robe, the red man waited for the dawn.

"The Wild North Land."

COSEY CORNER.

MY dears, what do you think of *company* manners? I despise them, and I hope you do to; for they are only sham, — only deceive. The manners that last, the manners worth having, are those taught by the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." By "others" is not meant only people of distinction, strangers, or guests; but every one, young and old, rich and poor, that one meets at home or abroad.

In the times of your great-grandfathers, children (youngsters, as I fancy they were called then) never entered the presence of parents or elders, without bow or courtesy. This may seem too formal; but there was an excellent meaning in it: it meant that children should have their best manners at home. Now, I fear that, if one could lift the veil, children thought to have perfect manners by company would be found unruly and disrespectful to the parents who love them dearly, and spend their lives for them, only asking in return, in Scripture phrase, "Son, give me thine heart."

Look around you, look within, and see if, as a rule, children have good manners at home. Is there never a time when you would be ashamed to have a stranger enter your hall or your nursery unannounced? Do you begin the day with a pleasant good morning? Do you eat with a thankful heart what is set before you, remembering

how God's sun ripened the wheat, and human hands moulded the loaf? Do you sit erect, or lean your elbows on the table, or loll sideways in your chair, at the risk of spoiling your clothes or the carpet? Are you ready to drop your book and run when called? When a door is closed, do you remember to close it after opening it? and do you close it gently? Just listen to the slamming of a railroad-car door, and you will agree with me that noise is not pleasant. To be well-bred, boys, as well as girls, must break themselves of the bad habit of making a noise. I hope you are careful not to disturb those who are listening to music, and that you never let the preacher hear a whisper from your lips.

I have reminded you of a few ways in which you can show good manners. You must set to work and find out all the ways, as numerous as the minutes of the day.

STINGINESS.

"Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away."

"LIZZIE, won't you lend me your new lead pencil to finish drawing my horse with, — mine is worn so short and stumpy?"

Little George looked up pleadingly from his seat on the floor, where he was bending over a rough drawing in an old blank book.

"No, George, I can't," answered his sister, a little pettishly; "I'm afraid you'll break off the point."

"No, I'll be very careful; please lend it to me, Lizzie."

"I can't, I say; don't ask me again."

"Why not, Lizzie?" asked the grown-up Cousin Grace, who was sitting by the window, busy with some embroidery; "suppose he does break off the point, you can sharpen it again, or if you cannot do it nicely, I will do it for you. Don't be disobliging."

"Oh, well, I don't like to lend my things, Cousin Grace. They always get spoiled in some way. May be he'll break off the ivory

head, or scratch it, or something, and I want to keep it all nice and new."

Cousin Grace made no answer to this cross and selfish speech.

"I will lend you mine, George," she said; "it is away upstairs, — but no matter." And she rose, and laid aside her thimble and scissors and work.

George looked up with a delightful "thank you!" and Lizzie pouted, but she did not offer to save her cousin the trouble; so the kind young lady went upstairs and brought down her pencil for the little boy, who was made happy for an hour by the nice, bold strokes with which he could now shade off the horse he was drawing.

The next morning, as Cousin Grace was again seated near the window, embroidering, Lizzie came up to her and said: —

"Won't you be so kind as to lend me your small scissors, Cousin Grace? Mine are so blunt they won't cut nice eyelets at all, and I shall spoil this band."

"No, Lizzie, I can't," said Cousin Grace, mimicking exactly the tone in which Lizzie had answered her little brother the day before. "I am afraid you might break off the points."

"Why, no, I shan't," said Lizzie, scarcely knowing whether her cousin was in earnest or not; "I'm not going to cut tow cloth with them."

"Well, you might tarnish their brightness, or dull them, or something," answered Cousin Grace, in a sort of pettish drawl; "I like to keep my things nice and new."

Lizzie could not mistake her meaning now. She turned very red, and, walking away without a word, sat down, and went on hacking away with her blunt scissors in silence. Cousin Grace sewed on silently, too, for some time; but she was very kind-hearted, and could not bear to punish her little cousin very long. So she said, presently, in a kind, grave tone: —

"I suppose you think me a little hard, do you, Lizzie?"

Lizzie blushed again, but did not speak. She knew it was only just.

"I am sorry to say that I have seen this fault growing upon you, my dear child," Cousin Grace continued; "and it is a grievous one, and makes the person guilty of it disagreeable to every one else. How

can George love you, when you refuse all his little requests, and never put yourself out to make him happy? Or how can the rest of us love you, when we see you so dis-obliging? And more than that, God is displeased to see you so selfish. Did you know that you were breaking a command of his yesterday, when you refused to lend George your pencil? He says: 'Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.'

Scattered Seeds.

A CROOKED STORY.

THERE seems to be something not quite right about this story; can our young readers tell us what it is?

A rite suite little buoy, the sun of a grate kernel, with a rough about his neck, flue up the rode swift as eh dear. After a thyme, he had stopped at a gnu house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt hymn, and he kneaded rest. He was two tired too raze his fare, pail face. A feint mown of pane rows from his lips.

The made who herd the belle was about to pair a pare, but she threw it down and ran with awl her mite for fear her guessed wood not weight.

Butt when she sore the little won, tiers stood in her eyes at the site. "Ewe poor deer! Why due yew lye hear? Ah yew dyeing?"

"Know," he side. "I am feint to the corps." She boar hymn in her alms, as she aught, too a rheum ware he mite bee quiet, gave him bred and meet, held cent under his knows, tide his cholar, rapped him warmly, gave him some sweet drachm from a viol, till at last he went fouorth hail as a young hoarse. His eyes shown, his cheek was red as a flour, and he gambled a hole our.

Youth's Companion.

WHATEVER is worth a thought is worth a prayer.

"To know one person who is positively to be trusted will do more for a man's moral nature — yes, for his spiritual nature — than all the sermons he has ever heard or ever can hear."

George McDonald.

Puzzles.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A famous English novelist, now dead.

A famous English poet, now living.

1. An Eastern nation.
2. A part of the foot.
3. A nickname for a boy.
4. A stream of water.
5. A narrow strip of land.
6. The close of any thing.
7. An entrance to a mine.
8. A fraction of the currency.
9. A place of entertainment.
10. A vessel used for holding milk.
11. One of the United States.
12. Part of the face.
13. A cruel tyrant.
14. The orb of day.

SQUARE WORD.

The name of any object.

An imaginary monster.

A chain of mountains.

A girl's name.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE.

Insatiate.

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